eate it.

Prince Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do you vse me, thus Ned? must I marrie your sister?

Poynes God send the wench no worse fortune, but I neuer said so.

Prince Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea my Lord.

Prince Where sups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheape.

Prince VVhat companie?

Boy Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Boy None my lord, but old mistris Quickly, and mistris Dol Tere-sheet.

Prince VVhat Pagan may that be?

Boy A proper gentlewoman sir, and a kinswoman of my masters.

Prince Euen such kinne as the parish Heicfors are to the towne bull, shall we steale vpon them Ned at supper?

Poynes I am your shadow my Lord, ile follow you.

Prince Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your master that I am yet come to towne; theres for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue sir.

Boy And for mine sir, I will gouerne it.

Prince Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-sheete should be some rode.

Poyns I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

Prince How might we see Falstaffe bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poynes Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince From a god to a bul, a heauy descension, it was Ioues case

case, from a pince to a prentise, a low transformation, that shal be mine, for in enery thing the purpose must weigh with the folly, follow me Ned. *exeunt.*

Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Wife I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more,
Do what you wil, your wisedome be your guide.

North. Alas sweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

Kate O yet for Gods sake, go not to these wars,
The time was father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeere to it then now,
When your owne Percie, when my hearts deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his father
Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours, and your sonnes,
For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
For his, it stucke vpon him as the sunne
In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
Did all the Cheualry of England moue
To do braue acts, he was indeede the glasse
Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselues.

North. Bethrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my spirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouersights,
But I must go and meete with danger there,
Or it will seeke me in an other place,
And find me worse prouided.

Wife O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puissance made a little taste.

Kate If they get ground and vantage of the King,